

Contributions

DEWEY'S HOMECOMING

B. C. MOOMAW

A nation of seventy millions thrilled with the same emotion. Our great sea gate thronged with thousands of every craft, giving jubilant voice to the joy of a continent. Vast multitudes from mountain and prairie, from sunny southland and populous north, men distinguished in council and in arms, in letters and in arts, leaders in every sphere of effort and ambition, all thronging to do honor to the conqueror. Magnificent processions ablaze with every sign of earthly glory, glittering in gold, resplendent in the regalia of power, proudly traversing the metropolis. The voice of the multitude in rapturous acclaim like the voice of the sea, thunder of shouting and thunder of artillery rending the heavens,—such was the home coming of our Dewey, hero of Manilla, idol of the great republic of the west.

The world cannot do without a hero, and blessed is the providence which gives it a worthy one. Our admiral is a manly man, of stainless character and reputation, a diligent doer of duty, a punctual man withal, arriving early and prepared; and strong in that American good sense which is not easily intoxicated with unlimited adulation. The apex of human glory, solitary and alone like the one peak of a thousand miles which penetrates the clouds, untenanted, save once in a generation a supreme man stands amid the sublime isolation, does nevertheless not make him believe, as it has so many in the world's history, that he is no longer a mere man, but a demigod. He is the same genial, sober minded man and patriot, but a very capable one, and such as a nation would choose for a defender in a great crisis. Such a man also as our young men may look upon as the national hero, with wholesome contemplation of those qualities which will make any man who possesses them a conqueror whatever his sphere in life.

It is thus fortunate to the nation that the man Dewey is worthy for this will serve to modify the evil influences which inevitably spring from the sanguinary occasion of his somewhat fortuitous fame,—spectacular victory in the far east, over a feeble foe, whose ships our shot and shell converted into horrible shambles. Blood flowed from mangled human forms and grim death held carnival there as in the battles of old, merciless, insatiable, sounding the depths of hell and horror. The resistless sea power incarnated in our Admiral made this dreadful slaughter, and out of it, as out of a rank soil, springs the sudden growth of human glory. For gloss it as we may, earthly glory is a plant which has ever rooted in blood, and ever drinks up into

its gorgeous leaves the ensanguined sap of arteries and hearts where precious life and immortal soul dwelt until riven hence by ruthless shot. As fond as ever is the world of this glory and as reckless of its cost. Feeble are voices, and few, which in the blare of the trumpets protest against the ruin and the woe, so conveniently hidden in the distance, and veiled behind the glamor. The world's slow evolution toward the highest humanitarian ideals has not yet passed beyond the possibility of the old brutalities; nor have thousands of years since the proverb was spoken sufficed to teach mankind that "he that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."

There are heroes whom the world does not know, and never will know, beside whose immortal glory in the ages to come the ephemeral glory of the battle hero will be forgotten a million cycles past. Out of all the countless multitudes which people a feverish world, only one in a generation may reach the climax of earthly glory. But in the supreme conflict in every life, in every soul, opportunity arises for such lofty heroism, for such magnificent courage, and eventually for such glorious victory, that, not merely a populous nation, nor a populous world, but worlds upon worlds and eternities upon eternities will proclaim and acclaim the hero. These will people heaven, the heroes of patience, who through the long, weary years bear sorrow and suffering toil and weariness, the world's neglect and a thousand adversities; and bearing all with cheerfulness, even with joy. Men and women, heroes and heroines, who live the obscure life as if it were set upon a pedestal, ever careful to be what they would appear to be, beautiful within; and to be thus beautiful facing in fierce battle, every hour and every moment, foes within, wrestling not with flesh and blood, but with principalities and powers, and spiritual wickedness in high places, even the high places of the mind and heart, incessantly besieged and invaded by an enemy who was strong enough to draw after him a third part of the stars of heaven. Such battle men and women do that they may have a triumphant homecoming, one day, to the "world beautiful."

Is there not a vision of the home coming of these unknown overcomers? Does not the sound of glad welcome, the sound of swelling anthem, roll down the steep slopes of the sky, as if the ocean of melody had burst its bounds in the central heaven, and was billowing the universe? Can we not see a vision of banners and marching rank upon rank of celestial cohorts, archangel leading seraphim, and the chariots of God sweeping down the streets of gold? What must have been the spectacle when "the everlasting doors were lifted up that the King of glory might come in?" Was there ever

such another home coming of a conqueror, one who had annexed, not a cluster of islands, but a world to heaven, perhaps a myriad worlds, who knows. Who knows but that the battle fought out in this world was representative for many millions of worlds? From that battle victorious came such a Champion, such a Conqueror, as the world never saw. Was there any joy, or honor or glory reserved when those scarred feet entered heaven's gate? But into that indescribable triumph we may also enter.

Bear a firm soul amid the wars,
Which hem the troubled spirit round:
Behold, on this contested ground
We win the empire of the stars.

THE PASSOVER AGAIN

J. H. SWIHART

Dear Brother Editor:—Since you have so kindly invited me to inform you if Brother Rensch's answer to my questions on the Passover in No. 38 of the EVANGELIST are not satisfactory I will try to do so.

Brother Rensch is a good brother and well informed but I confess that I am too dull of comprehension to understand how he has answered my questions. In fact I do not think that his arguments in No. 38 of the paper were intended as answers to my questions in the same issue. I have two particular reasons for thinking as I do:

1. He does not in any way refer to the questions, but to something that he says he has shown.

2. The answers do not fit the questions. So I shall wait for early answers to those questions.

Brother Rensch has, I presume, established the fact beyond all doubt in the minds of those who hold his views, by his illustrations of the ten lepers, the woman of Samaria, and Christ acting as tho he would pass by the disciples, when he did not mean to do so, that he really did the same thing relative to the Passover, i. e., that he pretended to keep it but did not. If Brother Rensch has made his ideas clear to anybody I would kindly ask him to call in another lot of scriptures to illustrate the idea that Jesus did not mean to eat the Passover when he said to Peter and John, sending them to the city, "Say to the good man of the house, the Master saith, my time is at hand; I will keep the Passover at thy house with my disciples." It will be remembered that in the case of the lepers Christ did not say the priests shall heal you; in the case of the Samaritan woman he did not say you have a husband, bring him hither; and in the case of the Savior making as tho he would pass by, he did not say I will go further; but in the case of the Passover he says, "Tell the good man of the house the Master saith my time is at hand; I will keep the Passover," etc. If Christ did not mean to